Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in.
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray you
vvithin the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
dooth grosly close it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
vvith sweetest tutches pearce your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique. *play Musique.*

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Loren. The reason is. your spirits are attentiue:
for doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude,
vvhich is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
you shall perceaue them make a mutuall stand,
their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
by the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet
did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
but musique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no musique in himselfe,
nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

the

the motions of his spirit are dull
and his affections darke as *Erebus*
let no such man be trusted: mar

Enter Portia and

Por. That light we see is burn
how farre that little candell thro
so shines a good deede in a naug

Ner. When the moone shon

Por. So dooth the greater glo
a substitute shines brightly as a K
vntill a King be by, and then his
empties it selfe, as doth an inland
into the maine of waters: musiq

Ner. It is your musique Mada

Por. Nothing is good I see wi
me thinks it sounds much sweete

Ner. Silence bestowes that ve

Por. The Crow doth sing as
vvhen neither is attended: and I
the Nightingale if she should sin
vvhen euery Goose is cackling, w
no better a Musition then the Re
How many things by season, seas
to their right prayse, and true per
Peace, how the moone sleepes w
and would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
or I am much deceau'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blin
by the bad voyce?

Loren. Deere Lady welcome h

Por. We haue bin praying fo
vvhich speed we hope the better
are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not y
but there is come a Messenger b
to signifie their comming?

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